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THE BROWNING CENTENARY.

The centenary of Robert Browning's birth has come upon us almost unawares, for it seems only yesterday that he was alive, a help and an inspiration, sound of faculty, and still answering to Landor's description written in Florence as long ago as 1846:

> "Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
> No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse."

And as we think of that powerful personality, so recently a real presence among us, we are impelled to echo the question put by Matthew Arnold concerning the spirit of his father:

> "O strong soul, by what shore
> Tarriest thou now? For that force,
> Surely, has not been left vain!
> Somewhere, surely, afar,
> In the sounding labor-house vast
> Of being, is practised that strength,
> Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

If there be in the cosmic scheme such a thing as the conservation of spiritual energy, the heat and light which had their source in Browning's brain must be forces with which the world will long have to reckon.

And yet how ruthlessly the products of a man's intellect are consigned to the rubbish-heap after his body is laid in the grave! How quickly is the grain winnowed from the chaff, and the precious metal "cradled" from the detritus! The small volume of selections from Browning's poems, put forth by his publishers while he was still alive, and sold for a shilling, has for more than a score of years served nearly all our purposes for quotation and reference, while several complete editions have stood almost untouched on the neighboring shelves, the dust collecting upon them in eloquent testimony to the vanity of a great poetical ambition. Who now is eager to explore, or ever will be again, the secrets of Red-Cotton-Nightcap Country, or to read of Pacchiarotto, how he worked in distemper? "Sordello" may now and again find a curious investigator (who will by no means go unrewarded), and "The Ring and the Book" provide intellectual gymnastics for a few students here and there, or furnish them with material for academic theses upon poetical craftsmanship; but the vast bulk of Browning's work

has been withdrawn from general circulation, and appeals only to the ever-lessening inner circle of his adepts. The shilling volume, however, or some similar anthology, will remain a constant companion of all who love poetry, and they will hold it precious beyond most of the treasures brought back from their various journeyings in the realms of gold.

We imagine that Browning's second centenary will awaken more interest than his first. If the world cares for poetry at all in the year 2012, it will look back upon the Victorian age much as we now look back upon the Elizabethan, and will realize, more fully than we who have been of it can realize, how fine a flowering of the human spirit it witnessed. It will see our poets in better perspective than we can see them, and it will do them more even justice. It will be able to envisage Browning, not as the object of a special cult, and, as such, open to suspicion, but as a great buoyant human figure, having its frailties and imperfections, but working with deep insight and whole-souled sympathy at the task of expressing life. It will not delude itself with the notion that his rugged style and cacophonous phrasing were the marks of a genius too lofty to be trammelled by the rules of art, nor will it so overestimate his powers of thought as to think they justified his impatience of formal restraint; it will see that he was not so much an intellectual as an emotional force, and it will recognize as unfortunate the fact that his superb energy was permitted to display itself in so undisciplined a fashion. When it compares him with Tennyson, as it inevitably must, it will see that the elder poet not only outdistanced him in the command of artistic expression but was more than his match in the power of philosophical thought.

But this is not the occasion for a critical estimate of Browning, or for invidious comparisons, or for any form of dispraise. When a great man's anniversary comes around, our prevailing impulse is to join in reverent thanksgiving for his services to mankind, and to express our gratitude for his gifts. And this poet had a power not possessed by many of his fellow-craftsmen to draw men's hearts to him, and make them feel that his words were only a heightened form of their common speech. He asserted, moreover, with all the emphasis at his command, the validity of passion, which is a more acceptable gospel to average humanity than the precepts of renunciation and asceticism. One could always go to him with the assurance of getting counsel that was kindly, sympathetic, and helpful. And men will always be grateful to one whose outlook is cheerful, who raises them out of their despondent moods, and who insists in and out of season that "all's right with the world," however questionable that proposition may actually be.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE HOE BOOK-SALES at which parts one, two, and three of the late Robert Hoe's splendid collection passed under the auctioneer's hammer and became the property of the highest bidders, are now (at the close of the sale of part three) found to be more than a million and a half dollars, or, in precise figures, $1,669,132.75. One more part, and perhaps two, will be disposed of next season, these unsold portions including the valuable reference library used by Mr. Hoe in getting together his vast collection of literary treasures and objects of art. As illustrating the more or less whimsical predilections of bibliophiles, some of the prices paid in the last days of the sale recently closed are significant. For example, Whitfield's tract, "The Light Appearing More and More," brought five hundred dollars, while an edition of Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Paris, 1771), with plates by Gravelot, went as an unconsidered trifle for seventeen dollars and fifty cents; and even a copy of the first Aldine edition of Terence (Venice, 1517), printed on vellum, and described as "the only one known," failed by nearly two hundred dollars to reach the price paid for the Whitfield tract. The first edition of Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray" (a presentation copy) sold for one hundred dollars; while Sir Kenelm Digby's copy of Tacitus's "Annals," with Sir Kenelm's arms and autograph, was knocked down at fifteen dollars.

* * *

"EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY" AS A TRAVELLING LIBRARY possesses merits that the Iowa Library Commission and other committees and individuals have not been slow to recognize. The recent issue of a dictionary catalogue of the first five hundred volumes of this admirable as well as inexpensive collection of standard works has greatly facilitated its use for such purposes as that indicated above. The books may be bought in reinforced cloth binding, and, with one or more copies of the publishers' printed catalogue to accompany each set, no more readily serviceable travelling library could be devised. The smallness and flexibility of the volumes, with their good print and authoritative editorship and prefaces, peculiarly fit them for use in "the people's university." Expert assistance has evidently been employed by the publishers in preparing their catalogue. Miss Isabella M. Cooper, formerly instructor in the Iowa Summer Library School, and now teacher of library science at Simmons College, was one of the compilers, and Miss Margaret A. McVety, of the Newark Public Library, collaborated with her. Study clubs, book clubs, small libraries,

and large ones, too, for that matter, might spend their money far less wisely than in purchasing a complete "Everyman's Library." The Iowa Library Commission, as we started to say, buys the volumes in reinforced bindings and sends them out in the travelling library boxes, with the publishers' ready-made catalogue, to carry sweetness and light to the rural solitudes.

* * *

THE SHAKESPEAREAN LIBRARY OF A SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLAR, especially rich in the texts and commentaries which the editor of a variorum edition of the poet's works must have at his elbow, and housed in so substantial a manner as to fear nothing from fire or burglary — such is the famous collection got together in half a century of Shakespeare study and editorship by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia. The room holding this precious deposit forms a wing of the Furness homestead at Wallingford, on the outskirts of the city, and its access from the body of the house is guarded by iron doors concealed in the thickness of the walls, but ready to be drawn out on their wheels and runways at a moment's notice. The walls of the library are of brick and iron, the floor is laid on cement, and a thick layer of asbestos intervenes between the ceiling and the roof. These safeguards will not seem excessive when it is remembered that this collection of Shakespeareana is probably the second finest in the world, its only rival being the memorial library of the poet's birthplace. Dr. Furness's long connection, as trustee, with the semi-public library founded by Franklin (the Library Company of Philadelphia) speaks for his expert knowledge of the care of such a collection as his own, which is really a museum as well as a library, and is by no means confined in its range of literature to works by or about the Stratford poet. That it will pass on its owner's death into hands sure to care for it tenderly will not be doubted by those who know of the younger Horace Howard Furness's coöperation with his father in the completion of the famous variorum edition of Shakespeare designed and begun by the elder scholar.

* * *

BATH'S TRIBUTE TO JANE AUSTEN, in the form of a bronze portrait bust in the pump-room, on a richly decorated pedestal of jasper, with an inscription commemorating the admirable pictures of old Bath life and manners to be found in her novels, is both deserved and appropriate. In "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" the reader gets especially pleasing glimpses of the famous watering-place as it was in Miss Austen's day. Many will remember the earlier chapters of "Northanger Abbey" as containing frequent references to the Pump-room (always capitalized), the Pump-yard, the Upper Rooms, and the Lower Rooms, where all the transitory Bath world of fashion was to be seen. In the opening of chapter four, for example, one recalls this passage: "With more than usual eagerness did Catherine hasten to the Pump-room the next day, secure within herself of seeing Mr. Tilney there before the morning was over, and ready to meet him with a smile; but no smile was demanded, — Mr. Tilney did not appear," though everyone else did, in the constant procession of comers and goers, as Catherine sat and waited near the great clock, after walking the room till she was tired. Miss Austen's bust will henceforth furnish an additional motive for visiting the famous Pump-room.

* * *

A CITY'S PROPORTION OF LIBRARY-USERS, as compared with the total population, is for obvious reasons hard to determine; but registration and census figures sometimes furnish a little help in making the computation. Of course every loyal librarian wishes to make the best possible showing in this respect, and for this as well as other reasons the registration statistics may be not quite guiltless of including dormant or totally defunct card-holders in the annual summing-up. However that may be, it is gratifying to note in the Leavenworth Public Library Report for the year 1911 a registration indicating that about one person in every five of the city's population holds (and presumably uses to some extent) a library card. And Leavenworth's library is only twelve years old, but has in its brief history accumulated nearly twenty thousand volumes, on the strength of a rather meagre annual appropriation for books. Going east to Boston and its far-famed public library, we find only about one person in seven drawing books. In Jersey City the proportion works out, from available figures, as one in four. Springfield, Mass., furnishes a record seemingly too good to be true, — one in three. In the South, Atlanta appears to enjoy the possession of a remarkable book-reading population, about one person in every four being a card-holder, unless the figures prevaricate. Nearer home, Peoria claims one card-holder to every six inhabitants, which is creditable and also within the bounds of probability. But statistics have long had a bad reputation, and we will not here cultivate their further acquaintance.

* * *

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WANDERING WORKINGMAN, namely, Mr. James O. Fagan, well known for his "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" and his "Labor and the Railroads," will constitute a very readable part of "The Atlantic Monthly" for some months to come. The May number begins this "Autobiography of an Individualist," as the author entitles his life-story, and sees the Scottish youth as far on his wanderings as South America, whither he goes in the service of a newly-organized cable company. But more interesting than this cable enterprise is Mr. Fagan's account of his early education, religious and secular. Mr. Brown, Free Kirk minister, was the one to take in hand his instruction in godly learning. "One day, coming across the expression, 'The Scarlet Woman,' I asked Mr. Brown to explain it to me. I remember his answer: 'My boy, at your age curiosity will do you a great deal more harm than enlightenment will do you good. Study the *Paradise Lost* and beware of the popular craving for the novels of Dickens.'" Inver-

ness is the author's birthplace, and 1859 the year of his birth, so that he still has time for a good many more adventures than those with which he now proposes to entertain his readers.

* * *

THE BUSIEST PUBLIC LIBRARY IN THE COUNTRY, with reference to the number of volumes circulated from a single building, appears to be that of Buffalo. The librarian, Mr. Walter L. Brown, says in his current Report that "while every department in the Main Library has shown a falling off in the number of books circulated, the total is still the largest number of books that is sent out from any library building in the country." But no unseemly pride is manifested by the author of this statement. Rather is it felt as a reproach to the prosperous city of Buffalo that it should have provided so few branch libraries as to compel most of its book-borrowing citizens to go long distances for their reading matter. Outside distributing agencies are being established, so that in the last three years the circulation from the main building has diminished by about one hundred thousand volumes, and of this decrease nine-tenths was fiction. We learn, in this connection, that the real property of the Jubilee Water System is in process of being converted into cash, one-half of which is to be used in buying a tract of land and erecting thereon a building for public library purposes. When this is effected there should be jubilation in Black Rock, the quarter of the city to receive the benefit of the transaction.

* * *

THE THREE DUMAS, Dumas *père*, Dumas *fils*, and Dumas *grandpère*, present a rather interesting study in heredity. The grandfather, the valiant Mestizo general, born in San Domingo of a French father and a native half-breed mother, needed only to have come into the world twenty years later to become one of Napoleon's most famous lieutenants. Even as it was, he became a brigadier-general before he was thirty, after marvellous exploits not inferior to those of his son's Three Musketeers. His escape from an ambuscade of sixty Tyrolese, thirteen of whom he actually drove to his own camp as prisoners, was an adventure worthy of the father of the gifted romancer. A statue of this man who lived his romances instead of writing them is about to be erected in the Place Malesherbes, Paris, beside those of his son and grandson, and it is fitly suggested that the distinguished trio give their name to the square and cause it to be called henceforth the Place des trois Dumas.

* * *

KENTUCKY'S NEW LIBRARY COMMISSION has issued its "First Biennial Report," a well-printed, well-illustrated pamphlet of fifty-five pages, presenting succinctly the history of library organization and library laws in the Blue-Grass State, the number and condition of its existing public libraries, the purpose of the commission and its work, with other related matter. Statistical tables at the end give a list of thirty-one public libraries, of which thirteen are more or less indebted to Mr. Carnegie's generosity, and also a list of twelve other libraries, including the State Library and various college and school libraries, two of them beneficiaries of the millionaire ironmaster. The Kentucky Library Commission was created by a legislative enactment that took effect June 13, 1910, and credit for this none too prompt legislation is to be largely given to the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs. By organizing a system of travelling libraries covering thirty-two counties, these public-spirited women created so urgent a demand for books and aroused such an interest in library extension that the passage of a library commission bill became, sooner or later, inevitable.

* * *

THE CLUE TO BROWNING'S MIND, asserts Dr. Henry van Dyke in a timely contribution to the Boston "Transcript," "is a vivid and inexhaustible curiosity, dominated by a strangely steady optimism." And further: "It is a mistake to say that Browning is a metaphysician: he is a psychologist." This well expresses the strength and the weakness of the author of "Sordello." If ever a poet had the defects of his qualities—defects which to some impatient readers seem to overshadow the qualities—that poet is Browning. Psychological subtleties with difficulty lend themselves to the service of verse that sings itself into the heart and soul of the hearer. Versified psychology, from the gifted pen of a Browning, must be called poetry, indeed, rather than (in Pope's phrase) prose run mad, but it is surely a poetry *sui generis*, not the "simple, sensuous, and passionate" thing referred to by Milton as being "less suttle and fine" than rhetoric.

* * *

THE "SUFFRAGETTE" IN ANCIENT GREECE appears to have made her presence known as early as 392 B.C., the date of the performance of Aristophanes's comedy, "Ecclesiazusæ," or, as one might freely render it in English, "The Female Suffragists," or "The Women in Town-Meeting." This laughable picture of a feminized republic should be just now the timeliest sort of play for amateur presentation on the part of young ladies' dramatic associations. A recent meeting of the classical and archæological clubs of Mount Holyoke College was enlivened by the performance of this comedy by members of the senior and junior classes, under the direction of Dr. Mary G. Williams, the professor of Greek. So successful was this Aristophanic revival that the project is now favorably considered of producing a Greek play every year.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE APPEAL OF THE "BEST SELLER."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Reading recently Mr. H. G. Wells's opinions upon "The Contemporary Novel," I was struck by his flattering pronouncement that "women have never quite succumbed to the Weary Giant attitude in their reading. . . . Among readers, women, girls, and young men at least insist upon having their novels significant and real." I wondered if Mr. Wells was thinking only of his well-

informed country women, with their alertness to current affairs; or may we, the "women and girls" of America, fairly take to ourselves a share of the compliment? Reluctantly I doubted our share in it. To solve my doubts, I sought to test the question by my class of undergraduate women.

Asking what recent novels the students felt were of permanent value, I received an earnest endorsement of one of the recent "Best-Sellers." Inquiry as to the essential qualities of this novel called forth answers interestingly similar to Mr. Wells's opinions: it was the characterization, and the importance of the problem,— with, in this case, an additional interest in scene, or "descriptions" — which marked the novel's distinctive value and claim to immortality. A belligerent but hopeless minority, however, caused me to accept the verdict with reservations, and drove me to a Sunday's perusal of the book. The reading brought to me an interesting revelation of the nature of the attraction in the "Best Seller."

This one was a novel with the realistic interest of the present time, and the romantic charm of a remote place. In a story of western life, the author was apparently trying to do for the American Desert what Thomas Hardy had done for Egdon Heath; comparison showed striking similarities in intention, with vastly different results! Yet my students, feeling the intention, perceiving the amount of space given to crudely colored atmospheric descriptive passages, had not stopped to judge results. Though they felt that the book contained "beautiful descriptions," it is possible that they skipped most of them, for one can scarcely conceive what contribution to interest or understanding they could have found in so meaningless a sentence as, for example, this: "And the desert, receiving that flood from the wide hot sky, mysteriously wove with it soft scarfs of lilac, misty veils of purple, and filmy curtains of rose and pearl and gold; strangely formed with it wide lakes of blue rimmed with phantom hills of red and violet — constantly changing, shifting, scene on scene, as dream pictures shift and change." A plot made up of conventional situations of love and valor, with the climax centering around the well-worn theme of concealed identity; characters, unrealized, playing their familiar *rôles* like stage heroes and villains of an ancient type, decked out with modern accoutrements and the specific paraphernalia of the western plains; the style, a fearful abuse of the English language, alternating between a conscious straining for elevated effects, and an unconscious progress along the deadest levels of colloquialism, — were these the elements in the novel which won from young women of average educational training their interest and applause?

Feeling personally sensitive about the nature of that training, I comfort myself by believing that these elements in themselves could not have been pleasing had they been observed; but that in truth neither characterization, plot, nor description *per se* was the real object of interest. The book as a whole presented the strong, crude coloring and rapid action of the melodrama of an up-town theatre; or perhaps its breathless vividness might be aptly compared to the technique of a moving-picture show. And therein lay its power, — in the vividness of the human appeal, in the portrayal of the elemental human passions, the simple compelling struggles of the spirit with self and circumstance. This human struggle swept along from one intense moment to another, accelerating the emotional reaction of the susceptible reader, by a grand crescendo of melodramatic incident equally remote in simplicity and in vividness from the dull drab complexity of real life.

It is undeniable that these pictures of the lure of the beautiful, the power of the good, and the triumph of the strong appeal to the unjaded idealism of our uncritical reading public, particularly "women, girls, and young men." We are so constructed, thank Heaven! as to be easily moved by love, suffering, self-sacrifice, and the struggle of the tempted; but so ready are we to give sympathetic applause to any expression of our ideals, that a poor story, harping stridently upon these themes, will rouse our interest and carry us along, oblivious to the lack of truth to life in all other elements of the story, and unmindful of the feeble artistry of the story-teller.

Perhaps, after all, then, this surrender to the Best-Seller does not prove Mr. Wells's "Weary Giant" theory as applicable to women; my students' adolescent interest in love and valor does not indicate "that lounging defensive stupidity" which Mr. Wells condemns. May it not rather be an evidence of his other statement that women and girls insist upon having their novels "significant" at least; and if they do not demand a significance closely bound to reality, may it not be that, to many of them, life has not yet brought the sense of the close relationship between the significant, the real, and the ideal?

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

Oxford, Ohio, May 9, 1912.

THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Readers of THE DIAL may be interested in the organization of an American Council of the Irish Texts Society. This Society was founded in 1898 in London, and has since published every year some Irish book which is otherwise difficult or impossible to obtain. The object of the American Council is to strengthen the work of the Society, and to secure additional members in this country. Members pay two dollars a year, and are entitled to receive the annual volume. The thirteen volumes thus far issued are handsome books, having a Gaelic text and a complete English translation on opposite pages. The books have been selected chiefly from the seventeenth century and onward, and afford English as well as Gaelic readers access to the genuine products of the Celtic mind at a time when it expressed itself naturally in the language in which the main body of Celtic literature is composed. A large number of MSS. of this period exists, but many of them are of frail paper and in private hands, and are liable at any time to be destroyed. Irish thought and its influence on English thought cannot be fully understood until these materials are printed and made accessible.

The American Council, which at present has its headquarters in Chicago, consists of the following: Hon. W. J. Onahan, Chicago, Chairman; Very Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President Notre Dame University; Professor Cross, Sweet Briar College, Va.; Dr. Wm. Dillon, Chicago; Professor Dunn, Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Professor Gayley, University of California; Professor Nitze, University of Chicago; Michael O'Gallagher, Chicago; Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, Editor "New World," Chicago; Hon. John Quinn, New York; Professor Robinson, Harvard University; Rt. Rev'd Mgr. Shahan, Catholic University, Washington; D. B. Twomey, President Gaelic League of Chicago.

ARTHUR C. L. BROWN.

Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., May 8, 1912.

The New Books.

Early Memories of an Illustrious Irishman.*

Justin McCarthy's volume of "Irish Recollections" makes its appearance almost simultaneously with his death at the age of eighty-one years and five months, and helps to give something like completeness to the autobiographical series comprising his "Irishman's Story" and his two volumes of "Reminiscences."

Born at Cork, November 22, 1830, the son of Michael Francis McCarthy, chief clerk to the local magistrates, the future parliamentarian and historian of his own times was debarred by the then existing restrictions imposed upon Roman Catholics from certain educational and other privileges that he would have liked to enjoy. Private instruction and miscellaneous reading seem to have constituted his education after the first school of his boyhood was left behind; then came, at the age of eighteen, his entrance upon journalism, a calling pursued by him successively, and successfully, in Cork, Liverpool, and London. After serving "The Morning Star," of London, as parliamentary reporter for a few years, he became editor of that journal in 1864, and held the position until 1868, when he yielded to a desire to visit this country and made the first of those three lecture tours which gave him so familiar an acquaintance with America. His two other visits were in 1870–71 and 1886–87. He became a leader-writer to the London "Daily News" in 1870, and entered Parliament as member for County Longford in 1879. He was returned by North Longford in 1885, by Londonderry in 1886, and by North Longford again in 1892, closing his parliamentary service in 1900. As is well known, he was a Liberal in politics, and a Home Ruler, and held the chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party from 1890 to 1896, though he could hardly be regarded as the political leader of that party, his bent being far more literary than political. His Nationalism was of a temperate and orderly kind, and it was probably his distinction as a writer and public speaker that brought him into prominence in the councils of his party.

This brief account of his life and work, prompted by his recent death, would lack completeness even as a summary outline without mention of his contributions to literature. His most considerable work, "A History of Our Own Times," in five volumes, is really a history of England in our own times (from Queen Victoria's accession to her diamond jubilee), and is an able and interesting piece of narrative writing from the Liberal standpoint. His history of the reigns of the first four Georges and of William the Fourth, the latter half of which was written by his son, and his "Reign of Queen Anne," with his biographies of Peel, Gladstone, and Pope Leo XIII., his "England in the Nineteenth Century," "The Epoch of Reform," "British Political Portraits," and "Modern Leaders," about complete the list of his more serious and scholarly works. In rather lighter vein are his "Reminiscences" and "An Irishman's Story," already mentioned, "From Charing Cross to St. Paul's," and "Portraits of the Sixties," and, finally, the "Irish Recollections" now fresh from the press. As a novelist, Mr. McCarthy has written rather copiously and always with a graceful facility and a ready fund of invention. His pictures of society life are produced with something like Trollope's unfailing ease, and, like Trollope's Barchester portraits, they have brought gratifying monetary returns without lifting their author to the pinnacle of fame. Among his best-known novels are "The Comet of a Season," "The Waterdale Neighbours," "Red Diamonds," "Miss Misanthrope," "A Fair Saxon," "Dear Lady Disdain," "Donna Quixote," "Maid of Athens," "The Dictator," and "Mononia." These and other stories of his present the passing show of humanity as viewed by a good-humored on-looker who has no intention of boring his readers with philosophical abstractions, moral reflections, or the niceties of psychological analysis.

Coming now to the final work of this unusually productive writer, we find it composed of a dozen chapters of such more vivid or more fondly-cherished recollections of boyhood and youth as not unnaturally occupy the mind of one preparing, in ripe old age, to bid farewell to the warm precincts of the cheerful day. Cork ways and Cork characters, with many a pleasing glimpse of the writer's family circle in the old home at the southern extremity of the city, and with considerable disquisition on Irish traits in general, make up the substance of the book. Incidentally something of politics, of Irish history, of economic conditions in Ireland, and of the manifold benefits to accrue from Home Rule, is woven into the texture of the various chapters. The claims of Cork, too, as a seat of literary culture and connoisseurship in art are agreeably voiced by the writer. Probably hundreds of others would loyally assert of their native towns

*Irish Recollections. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Co.

what Mr. McCarthy takes pride in saying of his birthplace; but it is none the less worth quoting.

"I have seen many countries since those days of my youth in Cork City, but I have never been in any place where the love of literature was more warm, more sincere, and more general than in that community amid which I was brought up. I have sometimes felt tempted to describe my native city as another Weimar, but then I have always remembered that it had no Goethe and no Schiller, and that fact would certainly suggest to the minds of my listeners a considerable difference between the two towns. However, I venture on making the remark here, because it will in itself be to the credit of my Cork abode that anyone could even for a moment have thought of venturing on such a comparison."

He questions whether in England itself such authors as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray had a larger proportion of enthusiastic admirers than in Ireland; and with something of the large charity that marks his reflections on the English people in general, he adds:

"I feel quite sure that such appreciation and admiration of great English authors helped us much towards a recognition of the fact that England's ill-treatment of Ireland was the work mainly of England's privileged and ruling classes, and not in any sense of the English as a people."

Every member of the author's social circle in those golden days seems to have been something of a poet and romancer, as well as a musician and a person of polite accomplishments generally. But these instances of early promise somehow failed in the end to result in any uncomfortable congestion on the heights of Parnassus. Some few modest contributions to newspaper verse, and perhaps a few volumes of creditable prose, were commonly the utmost outcome of such proudly confident assumption of the literary *rôle*. Of course the author of the "Recollections" had his fling, with the rest, as a composer of rhymes. Possibly the reason why he did not ultimately become famous as a poet may be discovered in the following stanza from his "Poor Charlie Gray," an effusion commemorating the melancholy fate of a boyhood friend, and printed in full by Mr. McCarthy for the entertainment of his readers:

"Poor Charlie Gray! The heavy tears
Fell from these lids, I must acknowledge;
I knew him well in earlier years,
And we were steady friends at college.
We parted — when I met him here
He had grown yellow, thin, despondent,
A Garibaldian volunteer,
And I a Special Correspondent."

It is interesting to note, from specimens of his father's verse reproduced by Mr. McCarthy, how much more of a poet the magistrate's clerk was than the future novelist and historian. It had been Michael McCarthy's early ambition to become a barrister, but the vexatious restrictions imposed upon those of his faith seeking admission to the bar rendered the gratification of his desire too difficult and too costly. But nothing could quench his passion for the best literature, especially Greek literature. His son says of him:

"He was a man of highly cultured literary tastes, a very accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and especially given to the study of Greek. I have heard him say more than once that on some occasions, when alone and not occupied by any thoughts of official work, he found himself almost coming to think in Greek. He was a great lover of English literature, and especially of that which belonged to his own time."

Among the famous Irishmen of the author's youth, or a little earlier, of whom he gives reminiscences, at first or second hand, are to be noted Thomas Moore, Daniel O'Connell, Isaac Butt, Thomas Crosbie, John Mitchell, Sir John Pope Hennessy, and Father Matthew. These and other names of national celebrity furnish the writer occasion, now and then, to consider the political and social and economic conditions of his native country, and to dwell on some of the more glaring instances of unwise administration of her affairs. In a chapter lauding the many good qualities of the sons and daughters of Erin, he writes:

"I have met with many and many an Englishman in Ireland during the early fifties, who expressed to me his perfect amazement at the fatuity with which English statesmen, accepted as qualified makers of laws, could have persisted so long in the maintenance of penal codes and religious disqualification for a country like Ireland, which could have been so easily ruled and made so peaceful, prosperous, and happy by a system of civil and religious equality for all orders and denominations and classes. I always remember, with much satisfaction, how many Englishmen I used to know in those far-off days who had become from their own observation and experience convinced believers in the principle that Ireland's one great want was merely such an enlightened system of government as England and Scotland and Wales were then enjoying."

The book as a whole is of the richly reminiscent, kindly, mellow, anecdotal, wisely reflective sort that might have been expected, and was certainly desired, from its octogenarian author. Our earliest memories are our fondest ones in old age, and over these recollections of his life's beginning Mr. McCarthy has delighted to linger as that life drew to its close.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A Treasure-House of German Poetry.*

The "Oxford Book of German Verse" worthily supplements its English, French, and Italian predecessors in the same compact and dignified series. The whole work breathes that distinction which is "academic" in the best sense. It offers a considerable volume of lyric verse: 536 selections, covering 532 pages of thin but opaque paper. Professor Fiedler has a fine sense of the typical and significant; and if all the numbers be not "household words," they have all some meaning and place in this anthology. The editor has happily liberated himself from that super-discreet timidity which so often inhibits freedom of choice in British collections.

It is most gratifying to bear witness to Professor Fiedler's careful and scholarly piety toward the texts,—a trust which many compilers of popular anthologies have treated with an almost criminal levity. The plan is chronological, and the grouping is entirely by authors. We have a fair view of some eight centuries of varied poetry, from "Him of Kürenberg" to Richard Schaukal, presenting a large variety of backgrounds, epochs, and colorings. The poems of the Middle High German period have been felicitiously rendered into modern verse by Dr. Fiedler. The excerpts from the great treasury of the German *Volkslied*, from different periods, are fresh and typical of its many-sided content; nor must we omit mention of the race-old gnomic verse, of which German poetry preserves a much larger store than our own,—represented by many names, from Freidank to Heyse, and including Logau, Goethe, Schiller, Rückert, Hebbel, and Geibel.

The compact notes, covering forty-five pages, are all in German — in fact the only English about the book is found in the title on the outside cover. Professor Fiedler's residence and labors at the centre of English civilization have fitted him to supply just such brief comments as are most needed by cultivated English-speaking readers. Much general intelligence is assumed: the book is no *vade-mecum* for analphabetes. The notes are concerned with sources, occasions of writing, and the explanation of difficult matters of detail, while especial place is given to musical compositions (only three are mentioned for the *Lorelei!*). An occasional metrical note upon exotic lyric forms would have proved helpful even to cultured readers.

One naturally compares this collection with Professor Manly's admirable anthology of "English Poetry," which covers almost precisely the same period of time. The Oxford Book holds not more than one-third the material, but it surpasses the "English Poetry" in tastefulness and grace of form. It contains by no means so large a proportion of "winged words," which is in itself a strong testimony to the force and constancy of English poetic tradition. We are, however, very forcibly struck by the comparative crudity of English poetry before Chaucer, by its deadly saturation with sterile theology; while the lyric sun of mediæval Germany is at its glorious zenith in the thirteenth century: what spontaneity, eloquence, grace, heartiness, depth of meaning, intensity of feeling! What brave brocade of chivalry, what flowers of fairy fancy! In Tudor times the tables are turned, for Germany, long since settled down to a deadly bourgeois level, is torn by doctrinal and political cataclysms; while England, in joyful ebullience, is warbling native wood-notes wild, soon to be succeeded by the exuberant outburst of the full renaissance under Elizabeth, with its sweeping plenitude of life, its noble eloquence, and its grandiose sense of form—a period which fixed our English *ars poetica* upon a base which has never been removed, in spite of the stiffening of verse into rigid classicism, and the conformity of art to the demands of polite society.

Fortunately for Germany, the *Volkslieder*, those fresh flowers of nature, continued to blossom in humble places. The Renaissance came late, and to a poorly-prepared soil. There was a painful lack of noble content to life: war, vulgar luxury, pompous orthodoxy, the decline of spirituality and native feeling — these combined to bring in the most barren period of modern German letters. The French mode, itself artificial and sophisticated, led to an aridly self-conscious art, in the midst of which a few true native tones assert themselves—in the heartiness of Dach, the heart-felt piety of Gerhardt, the searching wit of Logau. First in the unhappy Günther do we discover the assertion of a simple, glowing passionateness; the great birth of German poetry begins with the rediscovery of the quickening value of ancient art, the first-hand understanding of the essentially religious import of letters to the Greeks. From this soil of a sincere study of classical antiquity sprang the revival which led directly to Goethe, into whom entered those myriad elements that made him

*The Oxford Book of German Verse. Edited by H. G. Fiedler. With an Introduction by Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: Oxford University Press.

the height of modern letters: noble eloquence, clarity, sincerity, mastery of form and content; and Schiller, rhetorical, full of energy and motion and youthful eloquence, the untiring student of philosophy and antiquity. Then comes the chapter of German romanticism, with its background of castle, forest, and legend; Uhland and Eichendorff, the highly-wrought delicacy of Hölderlin, Rückert's wealth of thought and language, Müller's pure lyric and gift of dramatic personification, Heine's ironic melody and sensitive responsiveness, Lenau's reserved melancholy, Mörike's Attic distinction, Geibel's serenity and culture, Meyer's grandiose depth, and the rest, down to the representative verse of our own times, noticeable for its fastidiousness and its implacable craving for the gratification of the senses.

All of this, and much beside, is faithfully illustrated in this well-chosen treasury of German lyrics, whose fanciful, heart-felt music sings and charms, soothes and stirs.

The collection opens with an appreciative introduction by Gerhart Hauptmann, Germany's first man of letters, — the first German poet, by the way, who was ever given the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters by an English university. Hauptmann discovers a close resemblance between this collection and that which Goethe called for in 1808, in his "Plan for a Chap-Book of Lyrical Verse." "The hardest thing to find," wrote Goethe, "is the Excellent (in whatever field) that shall be popular at the same time. One should search this material out, first of all, and make it the foundation of such a collection." "The present book," Hauptmann goes on to say, "is 'popular and German' in the noblest sense of both words. Such a truly catholic and national collection will make the most direct appeal to a kindred nation, and more particularly to that element in the nation which cherishes most loyally its own great stock of poetry.

"All these flowers, culled from the gardens of many centuries, make their appeal not merely by their individual form, fragrance, and color; they fill the mind with visions of bygone ages, of those broad domains out of which they grew, and of which they remain the last surviving witnesses; or they are linked with names of personages, each of whom has become by himself a theme of never-ending interest and importance.

"This collection, which is brought down to our own day, also contains more recent, and most recent examples. . . . Only an age which teems with a fulness of native energy, which grows and presses on to the light, is worthy of a great historic past, and is really able to take possession of it. Here it is precisely as in nature: harvest follows seed, and seed harvest, and all by means of the vital power inherent in the basal soil. . . .

"Who should presume to make definite appraisal of such a fund of culture as is hoarded up in this book? . . . This great treasure, by its very nature, resists being coined. With all its reality, the very best part of such a collection cannot be made tangible, and least of all by those who have really entered into its domain.

"As for all the rest, one can only hope that the book may find for its judges such warm friends as the great George Meredith, akin and susceptible to the German temperament; good spirits to whom it is given to unlock the inspired content of these manifold creations, to penetrate to their very roots and to reach up into the atmosphere which envelops them. With such sponsors, these children of the German soil, even though separated from their native earth, will not be uprooted, but in the midst of a kindred people will enjoy, as it were, the rights of those native to the soil."

Judgment upon matters of detail in such a collection is almost sure to be warped by subjective presumptions, and no conceivable anthology could possibly include all the poems which any given reader would desire to find. Admitting the danger of personal bias, there are still some considerations which may be fairly presented. One of Luther's simpler, more spontaneous hymns (particularly *Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein*) would be very welcome. The scanty fragments of Günther's verse do not fairly represent the forerunner of the modern German lyric of passion; Klopstock's *An Fanny* and Haller's *Doris* surely deserve a place, both for their intrinsic worth and for their historic interest. Some of the dry bones of poetry (notably, in this sense, Zedlitz's *Nächtliche Heerschau*), and certain of the feebler productions of Schiller's muse, might well have been spared to give place to Uhland's gallant *Taillefer*, Heine's *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*, and *Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen*. In admitting some of the newest poets, whose vital air is essentially that of the cabaret, the editor has emphatically *not* reported that elemental atmosphere; nor can one contentedly forego some representation of the Harts, Conradi, Busse, Hartleben, and George.

The fine scholarly accuracy and purity of text displayed throughout the work are worthy of all praise, and make one the more regret certain indefensible arbitrary liberties: two-thirds of Walther's short *Halmorakel* are sacrificed, without any intimation, and with decided detriment to the text. The poem representing the work of Friedrich von Spe suffers the omission of a very significant title, and appears (with no hint to this effect) only as a fragment, in such a way as completely to change its essential character; a similar result is achieved by dropping off (with Herder) the significant closing verses of Dach's *Aennchen von Tharau*, which Longfellow had the courage to reinstate. Likewise, the bitter closing stanza of Chamisso's *Weiber*

von Weinsberg has been quietly suppressed. This sort of thing may pass in merely popular collections, but it has no place whatever in an academic publication. Schiller's *Bürgschaft* has come off particularly ill in lapses from the standard text: in stanza 8, *am Mittag* for *im Mittag;* stanza 12, *Räuberhand* for *Räubershand;* stanza 14, *Laufs* for *Laufes;* and in the seventh stanza the unfortunate substitution of *Fischer* for *Schiffer*. In the *Graf von Habsburg* the editor alters the overwhelmingly attested *glaubigem* into the everyday form *gläubigem;* similarly, in Mörike's *Schön-Rohtraut* the good old characteristic *einsmals* must be salonized into *einstmals*. The form *geringe* in No. 271 differs only by one syllable from *gringe*, but the latter is the only reading in any original text, and such a syllabic difference is not altogether a negligible quantity in Heine's art. Geibel's *Der Mai ist gekommen* appears according to an earlier text, inferior to the author's final revision. In No. 519 *Ahren* appears in place of *Aehren*, and on page 533, *iibersetzt* for *übersetzt*. The Gothic form adopted for the "s-z" character does not harmonize perfectly with the Latin letters of the text; and in spite of the great technical beauty of the little volume, there is occasionally an unevenness in the printing which is a keen disappointment.

Heine's reference to Goethe's *Mignon* in the *Reisebilder* (note to No. 123) is not in chapter "xxi," but in chapter xxvi. The possible influence of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" on Schiller seems more than problematical. It would be most desirable, for practical reasons, to incorporate the titles of the poems into the alphabetical index of first lines.

Most grateful thanks are due from all lovers of German poetry for this precious, accurate, and beautiful book.

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

THE MONTESSORI METHOD OF TEACHING.*

American newspapers and magazines have recently shown great interest in the Montessori method in education. Many writers have given the impression that Maria Montessori has made a discovery which will revolutionize the teaching of young children. American teachers have gone to Rome for the purpose of observing the Montessori method in the *Casa dei Bambini*, and some of them have returned to their native land convinced that they have observed work with children which has never been attempted before in any country. These American observers have been describing in the magazines what they saw in Rome; but now we have from Madame Montessori herself an account of her system. She first gives a critical discussion of the relation of modern science to education. She has been trained as a physician, and she has had a practical interest in anthropological studies. For some time she was engaged in teaching feeble-minded children; and while in this work she made a study of the methods of Seguin, Lombroso, Sergi, and others, all of whose work is well known in America. These studies prepared Madame Montessori for "natural" or "rational" methods of dealing with normal children. Wherever she went in her own country she saw the pupils in the schools sitting in hard and fast seats, learning words, being deprived of freedom of movement, and restrained and restricted in every way. So she started a school of her own for poor children in Rome, and it was in this *Casa dei Bambini* that she applied her scientific knowledge of child nature to early work in education.

The fundamental principles upon which the Montessori method is based are, (1) individual training; (2) freedom of action and of initiative on the part of the children; (3) the training of the senses; (4) physical training in connection with intellectual education; and (5) social training as a part of regular school activities. A special set of apparatus has been devised for training the senses, and for teaching reading and writing. This consists of dressing frames, color boxes, cloth boxes, and formal geometrical insets and designs, resembling in a way the Frobelian gifts, and based upon the same conception of child nature and education.

As one reads Madame Montessori's exposition of her method, one wonders why Americans should have become so interested in it, except as an evidence of new life in the educational work of a people whose schools have continued down to our own day to be almost mediæval in character. But that any American teacher, acquainted with the history of our own methods, should think the Montessori system offered much if anything of value to us seems remarkable. In this country we have long recognized that the child should take the initiative in his work, as far as this is possible under the limitations of group education. We have long been struggling

*THE MONTESSORI METHOD. Scientific Pedagogy as Applied to Child Education in "The Children's Houses," with Additions and Revisions by the Author. By Maria Montessori. Translated from the Italian by Anne E. George. With an introduction by Professor Henry W. Holmes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

against the evils of education *en masse*, and we have been endeavoring to give prominence to individual needs. But we have been compelled to educate *all* the children; and our methods have been determined partly by our ideals, and partly by the actual conditions of free, universal education.

We long ago passed the point where we thought there was particular value in mere formal sense-training with conventional objects. This sort of thing was in vogue years and years ago; but we have progressed to the point where we now aim to give children sense-experience, not in a formal and conventional way, but in direct contact with the natural objects which are of interest and concern to the individual. We now think that the typical child who has contact with nature gets vastly better sense-training, even if wholly undirected, than he could ever get in the formal way adopted by the Montessori system. Of course, this latter method is a great improvement upon sitting in seats and learning words, and so it is to be praised as an advance upon prevailing Italian methods; but American education has grown through and beyond this static method of teaching. To illustrate with a quotation,—Madame Montessori says (p. 173): "The education of the senses has, as its aim, the refinement of the differential perception of stimuli by means of repeated exercises." Now, modern American psychology maintains that the differentiation of stimuli is made possible, not through mere repeated stimulations, which have no significance, but only when the objects affording the stimulations are of interest to the individual, and in order to learn them it is necessary that he should discriminate the stimuli received therefrom. He must have vital relations with them before he can effectively discriminate them, and sound teaching will always try to establish such relations.

The Montessori system proposes to teach children to read and write at the age of four. In times past, American education taught the child in the very beginning of his school life to read and to write; but through years of trial and struggle, we have developed a method which puts emphasis upon concrete and motor experience in the first years of schooling, and defers reading and writing until the child is six, seven, or eight years old. Anyone could teach a child to read and to write at four if he thought it desirable; but we now think it is not wise to do so.

In teaching reading, the Montessori method begins with the isolated letters, which method has been discarded in America for a generation. The Italians excel in minute, analytic work. In early teaching they begin with the simplest structural elements in everything. This used to be universally the method of teaching reading, writing, spelling, music, and the like; but in America we have grown through that into a synthetic method, in which a beginning is made with the largest unities which the child can grasp and which have definite meaning. An isolated letter has no meaning, and is psychologically difficult to acquire. It has been demonstrated in America time and again that a child can learn a word, or even a short sentence, when it is directly associated with content, more readily and economically than he can learn an isolated lettter. We have several volumes presenting the results of elaborate experimental studies in this field, but evidently Madame Montessori and her American representatives are not aware of what has been accomplished in this direction.

The whole Montessori method is about where the American system was twenty-five years ago. It is a great improvement upon general Italian practice in Rome, but it does not give the American teacher a new point of view which will be of service to him in solving his present problems. Take one further illustration,—a typical one,—showing how lessons are given in the Montessori system:

> "Let us suppose, for example, that the teacher wishes to teach to a child the two colours, red and blue. She desires to attract the attention of the child to the object. She says, therefore, 'Look at this.' Then, in order to teach the colours, she says, showing him the red, 'This is *red*,' raising her voice a little and pronouncing the word 'red' slowing and clearly; then showing him the other colour, 'This is *blue*.' In order to make sure that the child has understood, she says to him, 'Give me the red,'—'Give me the blue.' Let us suppose that the child in following this last direction makes a mistake. The teacher does not repeat and does not insist; she smiles, gives the child a friendly caress and takes away the colours."

Now, in no good American school would a teacher try to develop a difference between two colors merely by holding them up, and giving the names. A capable teacher here would not try to teach distinctions between objects of any sort simply by having them looked at, and attaching names to them. An American teacher would have an object *used* until the child gained an appreciation of the nature of the thing through what he could do with it, and how it reacted to his experiments with it. Then the name would be attached to it; and if the child failed to make the right connection between name and object, the teacher would not leave it, but would re-

present the thing to him in such a way that he would correct his error. It is impossible that a child should make progress simply by dropping a subject when he makes an error, and come to it again sometime in the future.

It should be said that the book is attractively written; and throughout it reveals an earnest and intelligent seeking for natural and effective methods of training the young. Considering the practice and traditions of Madame Montessori's environment, she has really made a revolutionary advance; but if she had lived in America, she would be thought to be behind the times in advocating some of the methods which are presented in this volume.

M. V. O'Shea.

New Memorials of Mazzini.*

In the retrospect of history, certain minor figures of every age stand out with ineffaceable glamour, outshining often their mightiest contemporaries. The saint, the martyr, the defeated hero seem to speak more eloquently and insistently out of the past than do the statesman and the conqueror. Their memory is a heritage which posterity preserves the most zealously from diminution or detraction; their names serve always to awaken in generous natures the highest enthusiasm and the deepest reverence. Whether their actual achievement, as history records it, was great or little, does not greatly matter; it is in what they were, and what they tried to do, rather than in what they did, that their glory lies. Among this shining company, Joseph Mazzini holds a conspicuous place.

When, in 1849, the heroic but short-lived defence of the Roman Republic came to an end, Mazzini, the soul of the defence, and irreconcilable up to the very last to the idea of surrender, lingered on in the captured city, almost inviting assassination. "One thinks of Gordon," says his biographer. Indeed, one thinks of Gordon many times in considering Mazzini's life. In all the main attributes of character the two men were greatly alike; the hero soul in its most authentic aspects was common to both. In each a deep religious faith was the well-spring of action; they were both men of the simplest nature, wholly devoid of selfish motives, stainless in private conduct, scornful of luxury, not to be overborne in any test of elemental character; each was a spirit self-dedicated to duty, living the life of "wearing, daily steadfastness" that makes up martyrdom. And each went down, finally, to seeming defeat.

"Men fight to lose the battle, and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes it turns out not to be what they meant." When Gordon walked forth to his death in the gray desert dawn at Khartoum, it was with the bitter knowledge that for him the battle was indeed lost; yet the thing he fought for has long since come about. With Mazzini, victory and defeat were strangely blended: his long fight for Italian unity seemed at last successful, but the actual result was far other than he meant or expected it to be. He had dreamed of an Italy that should be free as well as united; and he beheld a Frankenstein creature, a body without a soul, which still enslaved its subjects. With unlessened zeal he again took up the fight, and through a long quarter-century of exile and sickness and ever-increasing discouragements of every sort he labored literally without pause toward the realization of his hopes for a free Italy. With a price upon his head in nearly every European country, he was yet to be found wherever there was work to do — now in Paris, now in Switzerland, now in London, now ("like a thief in my own land," as he said) in Italy. And at the last, a year or so before his death, there is that poignant picture of him, forced in changing trains to pass through the side-streets of Rome, yet closing his eyes that he might not see the city of his dreams "profaned by monarchy."

It is with the Mazzini of these later years — the period from 1864 to his death in 1872—that Mrs. Hamilton King has to do in her volume of "Letters and Recollections of Mazzini." As a young girl, generous and romantic in spite of home surroundings that must have been even more smug and oppressive than the average of those early-Victorian days, the author came strongly under the spell of the "Young Italy" movement. She knew nothing of Italian history, nor had she ever spoken with or even seen any of those to whom the cause of Italian unity was sacred. But the nobility of Mazzini and his followers spoke irresistibly to the nobility in her own nature, and she resolved to dedicate herself to their aims and purposes. Letters to Mazzini brought prompt responses; but outraged parental authority placed a ban upon the intercourse almost in its incipiency. With the young girl's marriage, a few months later, the correspondence was renewed. A visit to Mazzini in his dingy London lodgings was

*Letters and Recollections of Mazzini. By Mrs. Hamilton King, author of "The Disciples." With portrait. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

arranged; other visits followed at long intervals, and once Mazzini stayed overnight with the Kings in their country home in Essex. But for the most part the intercourse was epistolary.

In addition to the letters of Mazzini given in these pages, Mrs. King includes several of her own, besides some written by Madame Venturi —one of the Ashurst family of London, and Mazzini's most intimate friend. All of these letters are of great interest, not least Mrs. King's. If to present-day readers the passionate outpouring of devotion in the young girl's first letter to Mazzini reads strangely, it is only because the language of nobility has become so largely a foreign tongue.

"It seems almost sacrilegious, after nearly fifty years, to expose these letters, warm from living hearts, to the mockery of a sceptical and materialistic world. Yet in those days, the world was equally sceptical and materialistic, and it was even harder, and pervaded by a vice which has now disappeared — hypocrisy. But after all, truth is best. There are warm hearts still, though not so burning with hope; all things are greyer; but it is good to have lived in this experience. My own letters are long-winded and perhaps pragmatical; but they were not written in such a hurrying age, and the passion throbs through, though the phrases are not curtailed. But as empty words they are of little value. Their value is especially this: they are the testimony of a host of devoted lives. They have been sealed with blood in prisons, on scaffolds, and on battlefields. These men did not speak: they acted, and fought, and suffered, and died, leaving home and family, comfort and security, for the fatal and glorious cause."

It is that testimony, more than any other, of which our self-centered and self-seeking lives are most in need to-day.

The record of Mrs. King's first visit to Mazzini, during the London exile, is well worth quoting.

"Mazzini lived then, and during all the years I knew him, in a house called 18 Fulham Road. It was one of a row of small, three-storied houses, standing a little way back from the road, with, in front, a little iron gate and a small grass plot. I believe the whole place has long been demolished. He occupied the first floor of two rooms, and his landlady's name was Mrs. France. He went by the name of Signor Ernesti, and his letters were so addressed. This was a quite transparent disguise, as he was perfectly well known to the police; but it was probably convenient. I do not remember if we had previously announced our visit; but we found him at home. He was in the small front sitting-room, so filled with books and papers there was hardly room to move, and with his little canaries and greenfinches fluttering about the room. He had been smoking, but had put away his cigar. At last we stood face to face. I had a photograph of him, but a small and poor one, and it was with an indescribable emotion that I saw before me the slender emaciated form, the noble face and brow, and the great dark, liquid velvet eyes, with their wonderful fire and depth, and heard the gentle, caressing voice. He was dressed, as always, in the deep mourning, the black velvet waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, which was his distinctive costume. I have no recollection of what was said. I could only utter a few words of devotion and thankfulness: and though Mazzini himself was a fluent and eager talker, I do not remember that he said much, nor anything that he said."

Three months later, Garibaldi made his brief visit to England. Mrs. King saw him pass through the London streets, standing bareheaded in an open carriage, garbed in the historic red shirt and gray mantle, gravely acknowledging the tumultuous greetings of the people. On the evening of the same day she saw him again, at the opera; and shortly after there was a memorable meeting with the old lion at a breakfast party, Mazzini also being one of the company.

"We were very hospitably received, and presented to Garibaldi. There was a large gathering, and breakfast was announced almost immediately. Garibaldi offered me his arm, and led me to the place of honour, at the head of the table, and seated me beside him on his right hand. It was the place properly belonging to the hostess. I was young and shy, and I felt much embarrassed by the marked attention and the notice it excited: my attitude to Garibaldi was to admire, not to be admired! and his evident homage of gallantry only confused me. I do not remember any of our attempts at conversation. I could read Italian, but had no practice in speaking it, and I was shy, and did not know what to say, and Garibaldi was habitually taciturn, so that it did not amount to much. Mazzini did not make himself at all conspicuous."

The conception of Mazzini as a "pestiferous conspirator," ruthlessly sacrificing the lives of his followers to achieve his own fanatical purposes, has long since become obsolete. But it is nevertheless good to have Mrs. King's wholehearted testimony to the tenderness and gentleness and generosity of Mazzini's nature.

"He was the gentlest of human creatures, and the kindest. The little birds, that flew about his room, nestled on his shoulder, and fed from his hand, were one proof of this, shut out as he was from the comfort of human relations. His love and tenderness to children were also touching and wonderful. He could be bitterly indignant against wrong, oppression, and cruelty; but his indignation itself, though fiery, had never anything violent or cruel. He *could* not be other than gentle in every action, word, and tone. In all his gentleness there was a deep note of melancholy; and this was not merely for the sorrows of his country and of humanity, and for his own deceptions and disappointments; for those who knew him, there might be perceived a perpetual mourning for those lives which had been sacrificed in following him, and whose martyrdom was a perpetual weight upon his heart. . . . But through all the storm and sorrow of his life there shone a divine light of childhood. Anguish, care, and labour could not dim the essential simplicity, innocence, gaiety, and charm of nature, that made his the radiant presence of a child. Joy was his element, and he carried joy; although he himself was a martyr, suffering in body, heart, and soul."

All lovers of Italy and her story are familiar with Mrs. King's eloquent poem entitled "The

Disciples," dealing with Mazzini and his followers, and written mainly in the author's youth. She has now placed us under a double debt of gratitude by giving us, in her old age, these letters and recollections of her hero. It is a volume that will do much to enhance the ever-increasing lustre of Mazzini's name, and one in which every generous-hearted reader must rejoice.

In closing, a word may be said concerning Mazzini's place in history. Some of the chroniclers of the movement for Italian freedom would have us believe that his part in that struggle was a minor one, — that the glory of victory belongs rather to the sword of Garibaldi and the brain of Cavour. But "the great achievement of history," Lord Acton has told us, "is to develop and perfect and arm conscience"; and in that faith we prefer to believe that Cavour and Garibaldi were but the devoted reapers of a harvest that Mazzini had prepared to their hands.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

VISIONS OF AN IDEAL DEMOCRACY.*

As its sub-title indicates, Mr. Walter E. Weyl's "The New Democracy" is a study and an analysis of present-day conditions in the United States. Unlike Mr. A. M. Simons's book of recent date, this is not based upon a study of American history. It is also more optimistic, perhaps for that reason; for nothing goes further than the study of history to dispel the view that all the ugly problems of a given country at a given time are new and unique. In comparison with Mr. Simons, Mr. Weyl appears to slight disadvantage, though neither of these social analysts seems to the reviewer to have said the last word on their theme.

In Mr. Weyl's first chapters, "Disenchantment of America" and "Shadow-Democracy of 1776," the point is raised that there has never been a democracy in the United States. Then follow two or three chapters on the essential individualism of the pioneers and of the sovereign States of the early decades of the nineteenth century. Having cleared the ground, so to speak, the author enters upon his main theme, — the portrait of American plutocracy, its organization in the years following the panic of 1873, its social pressures and assumptions, its entering upon the field of politics definitely and finally with the purpose of controlling legislatures, executives, and courts. It is an easy step from the lobby to the editorial sanctum, and Mr. Weyl contends that it is hardly necessary to prove, at this late day, that plutocracy seized upon the press during the later years of the last century; and, wherever it was essential to its purposes, succeeded in controlling most of the great daily papers. But he admits that this control is uncertain, and is constantly shifting from one group to another of our larger journals. This is due to the fact that the reading public soon "catches on," and a new device must be invented; for a paper must have readers, else it cannot sell either advertising space or editorials.

Secure in its power over legislatures, executives, and courts, and reasonably sure of guiding the organs of public opinion, plutocracy undertakes to improve the productive powers of the nation it controls, first through the organization and perfecting of the so-called trusts which regulate output, distribution, and prices; and, second, through "business efficiency," which has found of late such vogue in all quarters. All this is the very negation of democracy, which assumes independent action, waste, inefficiency in a certain economic sense,

Finally, this systematic scheme leads to protest, — to the upbuilding of a new democracy, he "new democracy" of the book, which is to be real and not "on paper," as was that of 1776 and after. It is to be a "plenary, socialized democracy forcing its ideals into industrial and economic affairs." This is to be done not through class war, nor after Karl Marx's method of brutal force; but through universal education, the gradual but increasing public control of business, and finally the appropriation of the enormous surplus social product which "big business" has taught us is possible. Thus will all men rise to economic independence, or at least to equality of opportunity; and plutocracy is to be driven out of existence. Such a democracy, instead of heading directly to "decivilization," as did the olden Jeffersonian system, will be lasting and beneficent; under its aegis we shall no longer know the crimes of poverty, but only those of prosperity.

This is a beautiful scheme. It is optimistic, and Americans love an optimist. But does it "square" with the historic facts? The Marx theory of an inveterate war of classes waged until one or the other submits and accepts slavery in one form or another, is in accordance with the history of mankind from the beginning; this theory of change and perfection which Mr. Weyl offers rests, to be sure, upon some new factors — a higher standard of education for all, and most

*THE NEW DEMOCRACY. An Essay on Certain Political and Economic Tendencies in the United States. By Walter E. Weyl, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

remarkable proximity of all parts of the civilized world due to recent inventions. These new facts may justify the hopes of the "new democracy," but the student of the past, though willing enough, cannot readily accept them as realizable. One might offer many programmes, many speeches of the days when Andrew Jackson fought the "Monster Bank," which sounded the same note and portrayed the same ideal state of things here set forth, — for example, the appeal of Silas Wright and his colleagues in Congress to their constituents in 1833.

Without denying that this book offers much that is interesting, and much that commends itself to legislators and leaders, the reviewer fears that the same old struggle for privilege, the same snobbishness of all classes of society, and the same exploitations of the helpless will continue for countless years. The distance between the weaker element and the stronger in each community is likely to remain as great as that between the slums and the "west sides" of each of our great cities. There will be improvement, there will follow reactions in the future as in the past; but the saying of the great Hebrew teacher that "the poor ye have with you always" is likely to be as true in the year 2500 as in the year 1912.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

RECENT DISCUSSIONS OF HEREDITY.*

In a letter to Hooker written in September, 1864, Darwin said: "The tendency of hybrids to revert to either parent is part of a wider law (which I am fully convinced that I can show experimentally), namely, that crossing races as well as species tends to bring back characters which existed in progenitors hundreds and thousands of generations ago. Why this should be so, God knows." At the very time this letter was written, Gregor Mendel, in his monastery garden at Brünn, was actually working out "experimentally" this "wider law" which Darwin felt must underlie the baffling phenomena of inheritance in hybrids. Mendel published the account of his most important results in 1866. The paper was one of the relatively few on matters relating to evolution which never attracted Darwin's attention. There have been few workers in the history of science who have had so wide an acquaintance with the obscure, out-of-the-beaten-path, literature of their subjects as did Darwin. What a mischance, under such circumstances, that he should have overlooked the one paper that was most important of all! Had Darwin become familiar with Mendel's work in the late sixties, while he was still active and able to repeat those famous experiments with peas (as he surely would have done), and confirm Mendel's results completely, as others did many years later, biological research in the last quarter of the nineteenth century would have been quite different from what it actually was.

The story of the "re-discovery" of Mendel's work by three European investigators at about the same time (1900) is familiar to everyone. In the twelve years that have passed since that time the study of genetics has developed rapidly. It is gaining more and more the attention and interest of biologists all over the world. It is a conservative statement to say that in these twelve years a broader comprehension of the meaning of heredity, and a deeper insight into the laws of inheritance, have been gained than from all the previous investigation and speculation about these basic problems.

Pawlow, the great Russian physiologist, has somewhere said that every advance in knowledge rests upon the discovery of a new technique — a new way of attacking old problems which everyone thinks of as either solved or insoluble, and certainly quite devoid of untouched sources of knowledge and inspiration. No better example of the truth of this idea than the recent history of the science of genetics could be found. For it is certain that the highest significance of Mendel's work is to be found, not in his actual contributions to knowledge, brilliant as these were, but rather in the fact that he gave to biology a new way of looking and working at a world-old problem. The Mendelian method of studying inheritance is vastly more important than the results of Mendel's experiments with peas.

With so much professional interest concentrated upon the subject of genetics, and as a consequence of the easily perceived bearing of this study upon human affairs, both directly and in relation to agriculture, it is to be expected that non-technical accounts of what is going on in this field of biology will be forthcoming. Three of the books here under review (Darbishire's "Breeding and the Mendelian Discovery," Castle's "Heredity in Relation to Evolution and Animal Breeding," and Doncaster's "Heredity in the Light of Recent Research") are popular treatises of this kind. Each of the authors has done notable original work in genetics and is qualified to speak with the authority which accompanies first-hand acquaintance with the actual phenomena.

Professor Castle's book, which is an expansion of a series of lectures before an audience of teachers and investigators in agriculture, explains with extreme clearness and simplicity, both of manner and matter, the essential features of Mendelian inheri-

* BREEDING AND THE MENDELIAN DISCOVERY. By A. D. Darbishire. New York: Cassell & Co.

HEREDITY IN RELATION TO EVOLUTION AND ANIMAL BREEDING. By W. E. Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HEREDITY IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT RESEARCH. By L. Doncaster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

UPON THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS. A Hypothesis of Heredity, Development, and Assimilation. By Eugenio Rignano. Authorized English Translation by Basil C. H. Harvey. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

tance and the bearing of these facts upon some of the problems of organic evolution and of practical breeding. The examples and illustrations are taken largely from the author's own experiments with guinea pigs, rabbits, and other small mammals. The treatment of the subject is rather broader in Mr. Doncaster's book. The latter includes a discussion of the biometric treatment of the problems of inheritance in addition to the Mendelian work. Historically the account is much more adequate than Mr. Castle's. Furthermore, the illustrative material which he makes use of includes a greater range of plants and animals. Both these books deserve to be widely read.

Mr. Darbishire follows a somewhat different plan than either of the other writers. He confines his attention almost entirely to the actual material with which Mendel worked, the garden pea. The simple Mendelian experiments are described and illustrated in great detail and with much skill. Mr. Darbishire's technical papers have demonstrated his cleverness as a writer. The present work can only enhance his reputation in this respect, for it is truly a brilliant achievement in popular scientific writing. A useful feature of the book is a chapter giving detailed, but absolutely clear and simple, directions for carrying out a Mendelian experiment on inheritance in peas. From these directions any person, however unskilled in biological technicalities, should have no difficulty in repeating in his own garden the experiments which marked an epoch in the history of our knowledge of living things. Altogether, Mr. Darbishire has given a fitting introduction to a fascinating subject.

Turning to Rignano's "Upon the Inheritance of Acquired Characters," we find ourselves in a very different sort of atmosphere. The author is by training and profession an engineer. What knowledge he possesses in the field of biology is obviously derived from books rather than from living things. This leaves him quite free to settle the "large" problems of life without being in any way hampered by mean facts. Out of his inner consciousness Rignano has evolved an elaborate and purely metaphysical theory to explain how acquired characters *might* be inherited. He brings forward no single bit of conclusive evidence that they ever *are* inherited, nor has anybody else. Now who in the world cares whether such characters *may* be inherited? If it could once be shown beyond cavil that they *are* inherited, it would then be time to speculate as to *how* such a result was brought about. Thirty years ago biologists hotly debated this question in a delightfully Pickwickian manner. No damage was done, and happily biology has left this slough of metaphysical despond. Rignano should have written his book then. It would at least have escaped being an anachronism. How far it is from being abreast of biological thought at the present time is indicated by the fact that Mendel's name is not even mentioned in the book.

RAYMOND PEARL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Retrospective notes and comments of a man of letters.

Mr. William H. Rideing's opportunities for gathering material for such a book as his "Many Celebrities and a Few Others" (Doubleday) have been abundant. A wandering life of journalism and editorship and book-writing has brought him in contact with many men and women distinguished in letters or otherwise prominent and interesting, and a retentive memory (or notebook, or both) has made the production of his "bundle of reminiscences" an easy and doubtless congenial task. Wooed in his boyhood by the conflicting charms of the stormy sea and the quiet walks of literature, he chose the latter, largely, one gathers, because a very disenchanting parental indifference to his running away to sea took all the romance out of that otherwise tempting career. To have one's father and mother calmly discuss with one the best way to perform the heroic act is certainly contrary to accepted tradition. But the *wanderlust* had to be appeased, and so from Liverpool, his birthplace, the youth made his way to New York and Boston and Chicago and elsewhere. Service on the staff of such newspapers as the Springfield "Republican," the New York "Times" and "Tribune," and the Boston "Journal," prepared him for more ambitious undertakings in magazine writing and editorship. "The North American Review" was for eight years under his control, or partial control, immediately after the untimely death of the versatile Allan Thorndike Rice. Of his books, such later ones as "Thackeray's London," "At Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone," and "In the Land of Lorna Doone" are among the best known. His long editorial connection with "The Youth's Companion," a connection still existing, has opened the way to intercourse with many of that periodical's noted contributors. Those about whom he chats familiarly and entertainingly include Horace Greeley, the elder Samuel Bowles, Richard Watson Gilder, Aldrich, Stockton, Stedman, Mark Twain, James Payn, Wilkie Collins, Walter Besant, Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Holmes, Henry M. Stanley, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and others too numerous to mention. Portraits abound, and no index or notes are present to convey a false impression of seriousness to the reader chiefly desirous of amusement.

A pioneer editor and publisher of America.

The most valuable pages of Dr. Earl L. Bradisher's monograph on "Mathew Carey: Editor, Author, and Publisher" (Columbia University Press) are those that recount investigations in the archives of the publishing house which Carey founded in Philadelphia in 1787. This material is probably the most valuable of the kind in the country, and Dr. Bradisher's careful and thorough study adds much to our knowledge of book-publishing and bookselling in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The few sample bills, book orders, and letters between authors and publisher are of especial interest. The only fault that can be found with this part of the

work is that there is too little of it. Most students would welcome a fuller statement of deductions and more illustrative documents, in exchange, if necessary, for the history of copyright compiled from easily-accessible sources which occupies fifteen or twenty pages of the volume. There will be less general agreement as to the value of the comments on Carey as a man and as an author. This versatile Irishman entered upon his life in Philadelphia with the same outspoken activity that had led to his exile from his native country. He was continually engaged in personal controversies and in political and civic movements. He fought a duel with a political opponent; he organized the first American Sunday School Society. As an author he was eager to rush full tilt into any controversy, and to express opinions on any subject. He had much to say on political economy. He wrote his *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ* in an attempt to prove—Dr. Bradisher says he did prove—that there was no Irish massacre in 1641. He was a master of the art of vituperation, called in his day political satire. Dr. Bradisher prints some cordial letters written by William Cobbett to Carey in 1815–17, when the two men had come into political agreement. To make these effective he might have quoted from Carey's published attacks of some years earlier, in which, for example, he calls Cobbett "a wretch . . . accursed by God and hated by man, the most tremendous scourge that hell ever vomited forth to curse a people," and "a biasted, posted, loathsome coward," and adds "What pride! what pleasure! I should feel in dragging you reeking from your den, and cow-skinning you till Argus himself should not be able to perceive a hair's breadth upon your carcase but sore upon sore." Those who have enjoyed, and in a way admired, Carey as a vigorous and picturesque fighter, a devoted partisan, and a good hater will be surprised at Dr. Bradisher's picture of a mild philanthropist, who is praised for his "candor and fairness," "the judicial cast of his mind," and his "lovable nature." There are a few slips. On p. 7 reference is made to Noah Webster's "Progress of Dulness"; probably the satire by Webster's friend, John Trumbull, is intended. On p. 50, a slightly obscure passage seems to imply that "Charlotte Temple" was written and first printed in America. On p. 65, Fessenden is referred to as one of the Hartford Wits. Dr. Bradisher shows, however, by many unobtrusive allusions, that he knows the background of his subject better than the average author of a dissertation whose topic lies in an out-of-the-way field.

A study of human freedom.

Professor George Herbert Palmer, refusing to be satisfied with that shallow psychology and ethics which agree to shelve the age-long problem of whether man is free or bound, lord of destiny or its slave, has tackled the problem anew, and attacked it frontally rather than with any pragmatic indirection. In "The Problem of Freedom" (Houghton) he discusses the whole question, for and against, in a thorough but popular fashion, and develops the idea of freedom which he has worked out for himself. Freedom of the will in the sense of capricious indetermination he rejects utterly; and determinism, in the sense that every action is the lawful result of causes, he accepts. But he does not follow his determinism to the extent of becoming a fatalist. Briefly stated, Mr. Palmer's argument for freedom rests on two main grounds. The first of these is that there are two kinds of causation. The car which moves because a previous cause, the moving engine, pulls it, is an example of sequential causation. The man who runs from a burning building acts as the sequential effect of an idea—the fear of fire. But the man who tells the truth because he holds an idea of moral perfection is not acting from the usual push of causation, because his moral perfection does not yet exist and so could not be a cause in the usual sense. Such causation by a cause which does not yet actually exist, Mr. Palmer calls antesequential causation. As persons, he says, we have the choice of acting from material, sequential causation, or of acting from ideal motives, and the choice of the latter method of acting is what confers freedom. There are obvious difficulties in this view, and the author admits them frankly. Of one, the translation of sense impressions into conscious motives, he writes at length, and shows how, under the term "parallelism," the unknown mode and place of the transformation from the outer world of sense to the inner world of personality is a mystery which all schools of thought question with equal lack of answer. As a complementary to the question of choice by the individual there must be chance in the outer world—or else our choice would be meaningless. Professor Palmer devotes a chapter to proving that there is chance in the cosmos—a chance made possible by the facts that independent chains of causation intersect at unforeseeable points—as when the chain of causation which impels the stone from one's hand to hurtle toward the mark, and the chain of causation which impels the migrating bird, cross each other with a result which is as chanceful as it is unfortunate for the bird. In spite of this looseness in his universe, the author avows himself a "moderate idealist" and a believer in the view that there is purpose in the universe.

An apologia for "Big Business."

Ever since the appearance of Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth," "Big Business" has been pretty thoroughly exploited as the source of economic oppression and political corruption. That there is another side to the question is the chief burden of Mr. Charles Norman Fay's book entitled "Big Business and Government" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Mr. Fay believes that we exaggerate greatly the monopoly element in "Big Business." The great enterprise survives on account of its efficiency in competition, and must ever be prepared to fight for its life. The really successful trusts produce cheaply

and sell cheaply, earning merely good profits on an honest capitalization. Trusts that try to earn excessive profits, or are burdened down by excessive capitalization, are forced to reform or die. What monopoly we have is largely accounted for by the tariff, which Mr. Fay would like to abolish, or by the Sherman law, which prevents enterprising outsiders from developing competition with trusts in the hope of being taken into the combination. Mr. Fay has had practical experience in Big Business, both as insider and as outside competitor. In the former *rôle* his success was only moderate, since, as he explains, a certain squeamishness deterred him from employing all available means — bribing of legislatures, for example — for compassing legitimate ends. As an outside competitor he was unmercifully punished. Accordingly our respect for him is increased by the fact that he accepts without qualification the doctrine that the proper law of business life is *væ victis!* To Mr. Fay the great popular movement for the public control of great enterprise is nothing but the envy of the unsuccessful and incompetent, brought to expression under the tutelage of corrupt demagogy. The legislatures, the press, even the courts are joined in a conspiracy against ability, which, left untrammeled, would achieve results of vast benefit to all mankind. Mr. Fay flatters himself that he is a reactionary. A careful examination of his work will show, however, that he quite mistakes his own position. What he proposes is strict public regulation of the capitalization of the great corporations, the determination of a minimum reasonable profit, and a division between the corporation and the State of profits in excess of the minimum. This is really the radical position; in comparison with Mr. Fay, the Progressives are reactionaries. The book makes no pretence of scientific quality; but it is none the less worthy of reading.

Politics and politicians before the Civil War.

A very interesting as well as useful study in American history is Mr. Emerson David Fite's "The Presidential Campaign of 1860" (Macmillan). The work is a compilation from contemporary newspapers, congressional and campaign political speeches, party convention resolutions, and influential books such as Helper's "Impending Crisis." In a series of appendices Mr. Fite prints the party platforms, and one noted speech by a leading representative of each of the four parties contesting the election. He also freely expresses his own judgment of men, their actions, and their arguments in the campaign. Douglas stands out as a powerful and fascinating personality, in spite of his inconsistencies and self-seeking; while the position and influence of Yancey are emphasized, for Yancey's importance as a leading Southern irreconcilable has long been underestimated. The moral issues of the controversy are not subordinated, but other questions are given their proper importance. Mr. Fite's general attitude on the campaign is well stated in the Introduction, when summarizing his view of the Civil War itself. "In the last analysis the one complete justification of secession was the imperative necessity of saving the vast property of slavery from destruction; secession was a commercial necessity, designed to make these billions secure from outside interference. Viewed in this light, secession was right; for any people, prompted by the commonest motives of self-respect and self-defense, and with no moral scruples against slavery, would have followed the same course. . . . But the North was no less right in opposing slavery, for theirs was a course springing from the natural promptings of morality. History, then, must adjudge that both sides in the controversy were right, and that the war was bound to come when the opposing sides conscientiously held, the one to the wrong, the other to the right, of slavery." The principal value of the book is that it presents impartially and from a modern viewpoint the essentials to an understanding of the campaign of 1860.

A princely benefactor of small colleges.

Dr. Daniel Kimball Pearsons, of enviable distinction for his wise and generous gifts to innumerable colleges and seminaries, chiefly in the middle West, and to other deserving institutions, died on the twenty-seventh of April, intestate, it is said, as he had disposed of practically all his wealth in his lifetime. He had had what we in America call a "good time" in making his money, and a still better one in giving it away. An excellent biography of the millionaire philanthropist was prepared a short time before his death by Mr. Edward F. Williams, and it now appears, handsomely printed and illustrated, from the Pilgrim Press. The first five of its seventeen chapters follow Dr. Pearsons's progress along the road to fortune, from the Vermont farm where he was born of vigorous, hard-headed, kind-hearted Yankee stock, to the Chicago home where he made his presence felt as a power for good in the community. A few years of medical practice, six months of European travel, several seasons of public lecturing, a short interval of farming, — these were some of the miscellaneous activities of this versatile Vermonter by which he acquired that knowledge of the world and of human nature, and that control of himself, which contributed to his immediate and increasing success as a dealer in Illinois prairie lands, Michigan timber tracts, and Chicago real estate, when in 1860 he took up his abode in the prospective metropolis of the middle West and began to pile up the millions that he took such pleasure afterward in dissipating for the benefit of humanity. The last twenty years, and more, of his life were devoted to this task of averting the disgrace of dying rich; and the world already knows, in a general way, how well the task was performed. The details, both of the up-building and of the down-pulling of Dr. Pearsons's large fortune, with some graphic touches in the way of a more intimate portrayal of the man himself, are to be found in Mr. Williams's interesting book. The illustrations consist mainly of portraits of Dr. Pearsons.

Some charming studies from Italian history.

The little volume entitled "Leaflets from Italy" (Putnam), by M. Nataline Crumpton, contains four essays, of which the last one was completed just before the author's death, last June. The essays have been edited for the press by the writer's sister, Margaret L. C. Nicola. They constitute one of the most fragrant and delightful volumes of foreign studies recently published. Particularly charming is the first and most considerable section of the book,—an account of the Roman Empress Galla Placidia, growing out of a mention of her mausoleum in Ravenna. The skill with which that interesting woman's part in the wild tangle of fifth century Roman affairs is picked out and set together into a clear and interesting story amounts almost to genius. The second essay is an almost equally pleasant account of the life of Santa Monica, mother of St. Augustine. Then comes a scanty history of the worship of Cybele in Italy; and last a study of Genoa, which savors too much of the guide-book to have the charm of the earlier sketches, but which has its own interest, and which is supplemented by a long list of "Notable Doorways and Reliefs in Genoa." From first page to last it is vividly evident, for all the quiet restraint of the presentation, that the work is a labor of love and a careful selection from the data of long and rich experience and extensive knowledge. Readers who have never seen Italy, or who have not even the most elementary knowledge of Italian and Roman history, are not confused or embarrassed by obscure allusions; and yet there is such a genuinely personal touch in the narrative that the traveller and the scholar will not fail to find pleasure in following through its tantalizingly small number of pages. It is a pity that this sympathetic student of things Italian could not have lived to give us many more such volumes.

The law's delays and other vexations.

In one of his poems Pope has uttered a "curse on all laws but those which love has made." Many another, both before and since, has felt impelled to deplore the injustice of man-made laws. Some of the considerations that induce this state of mind in a thoughtful person are well set forth by Mr. Samuel Beach Chester, of the Middle Temple, in a readable book entitled "Anomalies of the Law," published in this country by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. A quotation from Charles Lever, satirizing barristers, serves as introduction to the author's treatment of legal anomalies connected with divorce, death and burial, wills, libel and slander, imprisonment for debt, the need for the right of property in surnames, literary censorship, capital punishment, murder and suicide, legitimation, criminal appeal, client, solicitor and counsel, the morality bill, accession, and coronation oaths and declarations. A pertinent passage for quotation at this time is the following, from the chapter on libel and slander: "To be a popular or a celebrated figure at the present day is to be the target for every form of foul abuse, criminal concoctions and cruel lies. Whether a person's life is blameless or blameworthy, he only has to reach a certain degree of public attention to be douched with the vile outpourings of a cesspool, or blinded by the volcanic lava of jealousy and spite. The individual who yearns for fame had better first well calculate his power to endure its concomitants!" The writer's assertion that, in literary censorship, "both legal and literary skill" are needed in order to determine the decency or indecency of certain problem novels, is a little amusing, at least to a reader not educated in a law school or law office. A few pages of the book might well have been devoted to a consideration of the lamentable lot of the innocent man unjustly accused and brought to trial, even though he be acquitted. No adequate redress for his grievances has ever been found. A critical reviewer must note with surprise that Mr. Chester, with all his "legal and literary skill," and with his logical habit of mind, does not refrain from using the absurd and indefensible expression, "equally as good as."

A seventeenth century beauty.

In his opening chapter of "My Lady Castlemaine" (Estes) Mr. Philip W. Sergeant says: "If her bodily loveliness was universally recognized in her lifetime and is incontestable to-day, her moral character was a byword while she lived and has never found an apologist since her death"; and in closing he says: "Barbara Villiers is scarcely likely to be forgotten while the combination of a face of eminent beauty and the heart of an utter rake has any attraction for weak mankind." Such portion of weak mankind as cares to read the latest and most elaborate account of Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and afterward Duchess of Cleveland, chiefly renowned as recipient of certain royal attentions from Charles II., will find Mr. Sergeant's book all that could be desired in its way. The beautiful Barbara has already figured in Mr. Alfred Kalisch's "Lives of Twelve Bad Women," also in Mr. Allan Fea's "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," and more prominently in Mr. G. S. Steinman's privately-printed "Memoir" of her ladyship, while the honor has even been accorded her of a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." The gossip-loving Pepys, too, mentions her frequently in his Diary; and as he records an instance of kindness on her part toward a child, we must conclude that she was not wholly bad. Nine portraits of her, from paintings by Lely, Kneller, and others, with ten other portraits, illustrate the book, which also has a ten-page index and twenty-three pages of bibliographical and explanatory notes. On the whole, it is clear that the author believed the biography of even an "utter rake" worth doing well, if worth doing at all.

More about the Maid of Orleans.

What substantial good did Joan of Arc accomplish? Henry VI. would have ruled France quite as efficiently as the foolish and ungrateful Charles VII.; and, with all its faults, the English civilization of the fifteenth century was so vastly superior to that of France

that an English protectorate might have been a distinct gain. Such is the thesis upheld by Lieutenant Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard in his new book entitled "The France of Joan of Arc" (Lane). The raising of the siege of Orleans, he maintains, would have come of necessity in a few days or weeks, since the English were reduced in numbers till the siege had become a farce, and were losing ground every day. Joan, in his opinion, did nothing that cannot be adequately explained by the magnetism of a strong and enthusiastic nature, aided by the boundless superstition of the time. Aside from this delimitation of her work and influence, the book is the conventional eulogistic life of the Maid; told, it must be admitted, in erratic and sometimes puzzling English, and with little skill in perspective. As the title indicates, Colonel Haggard is undertaking to present a general view of conditions in France in Joan's time, and not simply a life of the devoted Maid herself. His method of accomplishing this ambitious purpose has been simply to begin with the year 1380 and chronicle events in somewhat confused detail till the day of Joan's death — then to stop abruptly. Since Joan's activities did not begin till 1429 it follows that the account of her work occupies a small part of the book, — somewhat more than one-fourth. She is mentioned only once or twice in the narrative that precedes. On the whole, it is difficult to see in what sense the book is an addition to the literature of the subject. As a historical document it has little value; as a literary work it is extremely defective; and it is not always either easy or interesting to read.

The mind's share in health and disease.

Dr. George W. Jacoby's "Suggestion and Psychotherapy" (Scribner) will promptly be assigned a favorable place among the increasing number of books aiming to enlighten the public upon the theory and practice of the mind's share in health and disease. The writer shows a clear conception of his subject, and takes a judicial yet firm stand in regard to the debatable points in this field. For this reason it is the more to be regretted that he has conceived his task so conventionally, and, as a consequence, has produced a book lacking in distinctive traits. At best only the last third of the book reflects practical insight, and sets forth the problems of close concern to the art of mental therapy. The manner of statement is clear and convincing, describing the several procedures of hypnosis, suggestion, persuasive encouragement, the removal of mental obstruction, psycho-analysis, and the place of these in medical therapy, and their use and abuse in faith cure, Christian Science, and the like. These procedures Dr. Jacoby discusses, not as a panacea, but as the equipment of an art, possessing, like all arts, the possibility of danger as well as benefit. The rest of the volume discusses discursively the psychology of suggestion and the history of mental practice, which, although pertinent enough, is already available in many another volume.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A treasure-house of fascinating material for the bibliomaniac is brought together in Mr. R. M. Leonard's "Book-Lover's Anthology" (Henry Frowde). Quotations from some two hundred authors, dealing with every phase of books and reading, are embodied in the four hundred pages of the collection. It forms a worthy successor to the well-known "Book-Lover's Enchiridion" compiled by Alexander Ireland many years ago, and long since out of print.

Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's "Our American Holidays" series is now continued by volumes on "Flag Day" and "Independence Day" (Moffat). The earlier volumes of this series have been acclaimed with delight by school teachers the country over, and there is no reason to think that the new ones will prove any less popular. Nothing is harder than to get up a school celebration without help of this sort; with such assistance, it becomes an inspiration and a pleasure.

We can hardly imagine any great demand for a "Russian Year Book" among American and English readers, but Dr. Howard P. Kennard seems to have believed such a demand to exist, since he has compiled a reference work of this type, which now appears for the second year, and bids fair to be continued annually. For those who want the sort of information it contains, it will doubtless be found of the highest value. The Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers.

Miss Alice M. Atkinson is the author of a reading-book for children on "The European Beginnings of American History" (Ginn) which deserves hearty commendation. Most of our young people approach the history of their own country without any background at all, and this volume supplies just what they need. It offers a brief and readable survey of European history from the history of Rome down to the Elizabethan times which are commonly taken as the starting-point of our own annals. A few chapter-titles are as follows: "The Romans in Britain," "The Vikings," "Country People in the Middle Ages," "The Black Death and the Labor Troubles," "The New World," and "English Seamen." These will give some slight idea of the richness of interest offered by the book.

The same careful attention to every practical detail that has made so useful the previous issues of the "Modern American Library Economy Series" marks also the latest number published, which bears for its sub-title, "Large Pictures, Educational and Decorative," being Section I. of Part VI., "Art Department." The authors of the pamphlet are Miss Marjary L. Gilson and Mr. John Cotton Dana. A previous number of the series, entitled "The Picture Collection," has described these wall pictures used by the Newark Public Library in its work and for the ornamentation of its rooms, and the publication now issued is devoted chiefly to a description of the routine business of selecting, ordering, mounting, storing, and exhibiting the pictures, with a classified list of those owned by the Newark library, and also a list of dealers in such pictures. Details of size and price, with other useful information, are not lacking, and numerous half-tone illustrations supplement the printed matter. The Newark library is exceptionally well-equipped in its department of lithographs and other inexpensive illustrations for educational work, and is therefore qualified to issue a remarkably useful manual for the guidance of others in this branch of library activity. The Elm Tree Press publishes this series.

NOTES.

Sarah Grand, it is reported, has just completed a new novel, which will appear in the autumn under the title of "Adam's Orchard."

The addresses recently delivered by Hon. Whitelaw Reid before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution are soon to be issued in book form.

Mr. Richard Washburn Child has recently completed a novel, entitled "The Blue Wall," which Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish next month.

"Chronicles of Avonlea," the new book by Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables," will be published early next month by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.

Beginning in August next, Mr. Mitchell Kennerley announces that he will publish a new volume of original poetry the first of every month, and he invites annual subscribers at a special "before-publication" price. Mr. Kennerley makes the statement that none of these volumes will be published at the author's expense.

It is reported that suit for libel has been brought by Lord Alfred Douglas against Mr. Arthur Ransome, the author of "Oscar Wilde, a Critical Study," recently published in this country by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley. Papers have already been prepared in the case, and Mr. Ransome's book withdrawn by the London publisher.

The editing of Meredith's letters has been reluctantly relinquished by Lord Morley, whom the pressure of public duties forces to suspend the congenial task he had begun and had hoped to finish. The Meredith family, it is reported, will not ask anyone else to take up the interrupted work, but will themselves continue the editing of the letters and supply the necessary notes.

An important study in a hitherto neglected field is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. in Mr. Julius B. Cohen's volume entitled "Smoke: A Study of Town Air." How the growth of vegetation is stunted, daylight diminished, and the death rate increased in various sooty communities is shown in this book by tabulations and photographs. The economic aspect of the smoke problem is principally discussed.

Three volumes of considerable current importance to be published shortly by the Macmillan Co. are: "Government by All the People; or, The Iniatiative, Referendum, and Recall as Instruments of Democracy," by Dr. Delos F. Wilcox; "The Supreme Court and the Constitution," by Mr. Charles A. Beard; and "Concentration and Control: A Solution of the Trust Problem in the United States," by President C. R. Van Hise.

Four hitherto unannounced volumes to be published immediately by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the following: "The Last Legitimate King of France," an account of Louis XVII. of France and his mystery, by Phoebe Allen; "Woman Adrift," by Mr. Harold Owen, another of the vain attempts to sweep back the inevitable tide of woman suffrage; "The Romance of Words," by Professor Ernest Weekly; and "The Quest of Glory," an historical romance of the time of Louis XV. of France, by Miss Marjorie Bowen.

Mr. D. B. Updike, of The Merrymount Press, Boston, announces the publication of a second group of books in "The Humanist's Library," under the editorship of Mr. Lewis Einstein, author of "The Italian Renaissance in England." The four volumes that will make up this second group are as follows: "Correspondence of Hubert Languet and Sir Philip Sidney," edited and with Introduction by Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley; Albrecht Dürer's "Journeys to Venice and to the Low Countries," edited by Mr. Roger Fry; Pico della Mirandola's "A Platonick Discourse upon Love," translated by Mr. Thomas Stanley and edited by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner; Giovanni della Casa's "The Galateo: Of Manners and Behaviour," edited by Dr. J. E. Spingarn. As in the case of the first four volumes issued in this series, the editions of the volumes in the second group will be limited to the number of subscriptions received before publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 110 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Henry Demarest Lloyd, 1847-1903: A Biography. By Caro Lloyd; with Introduction by Charles Edward Russell. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. net.

A Great Russian Realist (Feodor Dostoieffsky). By J. A. T. Lloyd. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 296 pages. John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

My Memoirs. By Marguerite Steinheil. Illustrated, 8vo, 484 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $3. net.

Recollections of a Court Painter. By H. Jones Thaddeus. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 328 pages. John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey and their Wicked Grandfather. By Richard Davey. Illustrated, 8vo, 313 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. net.

William the Silent. By Jack Collings Squire. Illustrated, 8vo, 319 pages. Baker & Taylor Co.

Edward Fitzgerald Beale: A Pioneer in the Path of Empire (1822-1903). By Stephen Bonsal. Illustrated, 8vo, 312 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2. net.

General Joseph Wheeler and The Army of Tennessee. By John Witherspoon DuBose. Illustrated, 8vo, 476 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $3. net.

At the Court of His Catholic Majesty. By William Miller Collier. Illustrated, 8vo, 330 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $2. net.

Fifty Years in Oregon. By T. T. Geer. Illustrated, 8vo, 536 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $3. net.

A Captain Unafraid: The Strange Adventures of Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, as set down by Horace Smith. With portrait, 12mo, 296 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

Woodrow Wilson: The Story of his Life. By William Bayard Hale. Illustrated, 12mo, 233 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. Paper, 50 cts. net.

HISTORY.

The Contest for California in 1861: How Colonel E. D. Baker Saved the Pacific States to the Union. By Elijah R. Kennedy. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo., 361 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.25 net.

A History of the Eastern Roman Empire from the Fall of Irene to the Accession of Basil I. (A. D. 802-867). By J. D. Bury. 8vo, 530 pages. Macmillan Co. $4. net.

The War of the 'Sixties. Compiled by E. R. Hutchins. 8vo, 490 pages. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $3. net.

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The British West Indies: Their History, Resources, and Progress. By Algernon E. Aspinall. Illustrated, 8vo, 435 pages. "All Red British Empire Series." Little, Brown & Co. $3. net.

The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences: Four Periods of American History. By Hilary A. Herbert, LL. D. 12mo, 249 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1. net.

The Chinese Revolution. By Arthur Judson Brown. With frontispiece, 12mo, 217 pages. New York: Student Volunteer Movement. 75 cts. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Modern English Books of Power. By George Hamlin Fitch. Illustrated, 16mo, 173 pages. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.

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